

Submitted to the  
J U D I C I O U S.

BY  
An Eminent Hand.

—ridentem dicite Verum  
Quid Vetat? —Horace.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Abel Roper*, at the *Black-Boy* over-  
against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*.

# A Satyr against Painting.

**B**Y *Shadowing Art*, (that *She-Impostor*)  
Highly provok'd; we thus accost her.

*Deceitful Face!* bewitching *Air!*

Whose sweetest *Features* most ensnare.

Thou driv'st a subtil cheating *Trade*,

By Union of thy *Light* and *Shade*.

Foul Fiend i'th' shape of *Angel* Bright;

Meer *Phantom* thou, and yet no *Spright*;

Appearing only in the *Light*.

To teach who often do'st pretend;

When to delude's thy chiefest end.

Thou gain'st our *Gold*, we nothing get

From thee, but what is *Counterfeit*;

\* *Cornucopia.*

*Banquets* of *Fruit*, and \* *Horns* of *Plenty*;

Our *Eyes* well fed, but *Stomachs* empty.

Or where a *Portrait* you present,

'Tis surely with a bad *Intent*:

That by your *Drawings* and your *Sketches*,

You may abuse some simple *Wretches*,

Who for a *Line* drawn by *Apelles*,

Won't stick to rob their *Backs* and *Bellies*;

And for a *Touch* of *Raphael's* Hand,

Will frankly give both *House* and *Land*.

O may it never be your *Lot*,

To be encirc'd by *Giott!*

Minds thus enchanted are unsound, ho!

\* *Exactness and Perfection, as that of Giott's Circle made without help of a Compass.*

By always doting on a round \* *O*.

If ye are caught by *Buonaroti*,

His Stout and Swelling *Vein* will bloat ye.

If the *Brisk* Colouring of *Titian*

Charm ye, ye're gone too (with submission.)

If ye're in love with *Tintoret's* Fury,

Ye'll be so hot brain'd (I assure ye)

That nought but *Hellebore* can cure ye.

If *Sarto's* *Delicacy* seize ye;

After that nothing else will please ye.

There's

There's Fascination in each *Piece*,  
 Whether from *Italy*, or *Greece* :  
 The *Softness*, *Sweetness*, and *Facility*,  
*Grandeur*, *Decorum*, and *Ability*,  
*Beauty*, *Elegancy*, *Brightness*,  
*Freeness*, *Airyness*, and *Lightness*,  
*Motion*, *Spirit*, and *Vivacity*,  
 Take ev'ry *Fancy* and *Capacity* :  
 Th' *Invention*, *Order*, *Symmetry*,  
*Force*, *Short'ning*, and *Success* agree, }  
 To charm our *Curiosity* :  
 To Wound and Captivate the Heart,  
 Each *Artist's Pencil* proves a *Dart* ;  
 And makes us oft, as most Men do know,  
 Embrace a *Cloud* instead of *Juno*.  
 In *Landships* there's nor *Busb* nor *Brake*  
 That's Fair, but what conceals a *Snake*.  
 And none but who has Heart of *Oak*,  
 Can stand against a *Master-Stroak*.

To what end's this *Impertinence* ? }  
 Ye make *Dumb Poetry* commence,  
 A *Speaker* in its own defence.  
 Is't fit to rail 'gainst handsom *Fates*,  
 Because ye can't resist their *Graces* ?  
 To damn a sweet and harmless *Pleasure*,  
 Because ye love it out of measure ?  
 In me, perhaps, ye'll find some *Good*,  
 When that I'm better understood.  
 I at my *Will* and *Pleasure* can  
 Make a *Protuberance* of a *Plan*.  
 'Tis I, in 'midst of *Frost* and *Snows*,  
 The *Verdure* of the *Spring* expose ;  
 And tho' from hence it very far is,  
 I can in *London* shew ye *Paris* ;  
 Nay, when as *Calm* as *Calm* can be,  
 Can shew a dreadful *Storm* at *Sea*.  
 Shew ancient *Heroes* long since rotten,  
 That they may never be forgotten.  
 Can make what's past, as if 'twere present ;  
 What's very old, as very recent.  
 Of *Souls* not only shew the *Case*, }  
 But can the very *Mind* Express, }  
 Without a *Hieroglyphick* Dress. }

*A Wise Man I can make appear,  
 Tho Beardless, a Philosopher.  
 Could tell ye, (if I once were fir'd )  
 I came from Heav'n, and am inspir'd.  
 To me alone's ascrib'd the Glory,  
 That I exceed the force of Story.  
 What by feint Hear-say That does shew,  
 I represent unto your View.  
 And where the Art of Sculpture fails,  
 My noble Faculty prevails.  
 Carvings ape me, where they are tender,  
 But cannot Copy Light and Splendor.  
 No King a Consort seeks from far,  
 But makes me his Ambassador.*

Altho' you bear your Head so high,  
 As if you meant to reach the Skye ;  
 Yet we your *Origine* can display,  
 And shew you sprung from *Cole* and *Clay* :  
*Scarling* and *Dawbing* you begat,  
 Of these you are the sorry *Brat*.  
 As *Dawbing* 'gat, *Dawbing* supports you,  
 They sooth and flatter you, who court you ;  
 And of a Paltry Thing (which odd is)  
 Would make you think your self a *Goddeffs*.  
 We grant you Pretty, yet art Vicious,  
 Vain Impudent, and Meretricious ;  
 An over-glazing *Superficies*.  
 A *Spicious* Treasure you set forth,  
 But have not any real Worth.  
 Were all your Jewels *Oriental*,  
 You might enrich one who had spent all ;  
 And be no longer counted *Trash*,  
 But be at *Par* with *Plate* and *Cash*.  
 Might perce a Man unto the Quick,  
 Did you not over-patch and lick.  
 But now thy *Artifice* is seen,  
 Now thou hast got a graceless *Mien*.  
 Thy *Primitive Simplicity*  
 Hath utterly forsaken thee.  
 Thou strutt'st about in gawdy Dresses,  
*Foplings* to lure to thy Caresses ;  
 But all thy *Pomp* and *Pageantry*,  
 The Wiser sort of Men despise ;

They



They know thy *Glories* quickly *varnish*,  
 Of *fading* Colours made, and *Varnish* :  
 Yet thou do'st keep thy self in Fashion,  
 And ha'st but too much Veneration.  
 Pity it is a *filt* so great,  
 Should ever ride in *Coach* of *State* ;  
 And in a *Palace* dwell, or *Church*,  
 Who leaves her Followers in the lurch.  
 On *Sign-Post* in the open Air  
 Hang her, in form of *Bull*, or *Bear*,  
 Of some good use she may be there.  
 But see that **BRUIN** wear a Chain,  
 Lest (as of old) when it does Rain,  
 The awkward *Brute* go off again.

Now some, who by fair Looks are smitten,  
 Tho' by their fallhood, often bitten,  
 Will cry, *This Censure is too smart* ;  
*Painting's a Brave and Liberal Art.*  
*Liberal* ! Pray let themselves be Judges,  
 Are not its chief *Disciples* Drudges ?  
 Their Bodies much impair'd by Toils,  
 And stinking Scent of *Pois'nous Oyls* :  
 Their Minds oft over-charg'd with Care,  
 About the drawing of a *Hair* ;  
 And value more a *Hand* that's ready,  
 Than any *Head*, tho' Learn'd and Steady.  
 Others there are who ne'r were *Scholars*,  
 Nor can pretend to Skill in *Colours*,  
 Yet are *per saltum* *Masters* grown,  
 And with their *Works* defile the *Town* :  
*Dawbings*, which they by Dozens vend ;  
*Dawbings*, of which there is no end.  
 Of these *Base-brothers* of the *Brush*,  
 A *Dozen* are not worth a *Rush*.  
 A *Pencil* does not (as you know well)  
 So well become them, as would *Trowel*.  
 Such do the very Art *bespatter*,  
 And Wound it more than sharpest *Satyr*.

As Mean, as Cheap it does appear,  
 Vending its *Works* by *Auctionier* :  
 Who cries, *This Head is by Vandyke* ;  
*Here is a Battle* (Sirs) by Wyke.

*This Piece, (pray see't) 'Tis somewhat small,*  
*But yet a right Original.*  
*Here's a choice Venus drawn on Board;*  
*Bid up, — 'tis fine upon my Word.*  
*This History's by Rubens done,*  
*(Of Ruben's Works, tho he has none)*  
*Twenty pound; Once--Twice--Thrice--'Tis gone.)*  
*A Modern Piece sometimes is sold,*  
*When Smoak'd and Mellow'd, for an Old.*  
*Besides, 't has Setters to entice,*  
*And if need be, to raise the Price.*  
*Thus, whil' it does each Piece expose,*  
*It leads its Buyers by the Nose.*  
*This Practice sure is not the part*  
*Of Lib'ral, but of Vulgar Art.*  
*Yet to avoid the Name severe,*  
*What can be farther said let's hear.*

*'Tis a great Curiosity :*  
*So is a Spider's Web, you see.*  
*It speaks all Languages, all Tongues :*  
*The more diffusive are its Wrongs.*  
*It does amuse and entertain—*  
*The Idle, Wanton, Proud, and Vain.*  
*Strange Novelties it oft produces;*  
*Harpyes and Centaures ! Strange Abuses !*  
*A Mine it is most richly Vein'd :*  
*'Twas so, but now 'tis almost drein'd.*  
*It can deceive a Skilful Eye :*  
*With a poor \* Curtain or a † Flye.*  
*But not to give our selves more trouble,*  
*About an empty Painted Bubble,*  
*About a thing that to the brim*  
*Abounds in Magottry and Whim ;*  
*The Dream of Men that are awake,*  
*A Libertine, a very Rake ;*  
*A Prodigy of Ostentation,*  
*Nay, th' arrant'st Prostitute i'th Nation.*  
*And what's enough to stifle Lenity,*  
*A great Supporter of Obscenity.*  
*One, who to mend Defects in Nature*  
*Pretends, but still deforms the Creature.*  
*Pretends to a discerning Pallat,*  
*Yet only feeds on Sauce and Saffet.*

\* *Causes.*

† *Tello Roman.*

Does so admire a *Picture* fair,  
 As if nought with it could compare;  
 When *Well Pen'd Works* of those that Write  
 Are *Paintings* too, in *Black* and *White*;  
 And full as long they will endure,  
 As any other *Clare-Obscure*.

Another fault 't has got of late,  
 It *Gouty* things still reckons *great* :  
 Thinks That the best and noblest *Figure*,  
 The *larger* always is and *bigger*.  
 But this *Mistake* we little heed,  
 Therefore to greater *Faults* proceed.

Its *Heads* and *Faces* need Correction,  
 And must not scape our just Reflection:  
 After the use of fine *Carnations*,  
 And after three long *Operations*,  
 The *Life's* oft lost, or so diminish'd,  
 You'd swear the *Piece* were scarce half *finish'd*;  
 And so unlike the Nat'ral *Phyz* 'tis,  
 It can't be term'd a true *Effigies* :  
 Yet what it wants o'th *Mystery*,  
 With *Trick* and *Fucus* does supply.  
 The *Sad*, the *Sowre*, and *Crabbed Feature*,  
 It nicely *touches*, and makes *sweeter*.  
 The *Matron* of Complexion *torrid*  
 Is likewise flatter'd, and made *florid*.  
 What tho' the *Sitter* be no *Beau*,  
 Our *Face-mender* will have him so;  
 And make a *Scurvy Head* look big,  
 In *Steenkirk*, and in *Flaunting Wig*.  
 If Beautiful above what's common,  
 It will transform him to a *Woman*;  
 And out of great *Civility*,  
 Rob him of his *Virility*;  
 Knowing no Beauty but the *Fine*,  
 None that is *Strong* and *Masculine*.  
 Hence 'tis each *Face* is made too *light*,  
 And an huge *Waste* oft drawn in *White* :  
 No *Black* nor *Darkness* must appear,  
 Tho' t be to *Shaddow Grief* or *Fear*;



But in the *Hair, Eyes, Lips, and Nails*  
*Resplendent* Parts, where *White* prevails,  
 Of such Profuseness *there* it fails. }  
 If here it fails, we can't expect,  
 In *Motion*, it should be *Correct*.  
*Motion's* the *quick* and *active* part,  
 The *Soul* and *Spirit* of the *Art* ;  
 It has the *force* of *Sympathy*,  
 From which but *very few* are free.  
 Does th' *Object* Laugh ? it moves to Gladness,  
 Or does it Mourn, it causes Sadness.  
 When *Modern Works* do (by the by)  
*Move* and *affect* quite contrary.  
 'Twould put a Man into a Flame,  
 To see its *Figures* look so *tame*,  
 To see it give to *subtily*,  
 The *Hog's* most *dull* and *sleepy* Eye.  
 If its Intention, or its will is,  
 To Paint a *Nero* or *Achilles*,  
 'Tis odds but that it will set out  
 The *Hero* Cruel, *Tyrant* Stout.  
 Tho this looks somewhat like Disgrace,  
 It will not mend its wonted pace,  
 But jogs on in the common Road,  
 With *Trappings*, and but little Load :  
 'Thas no regard to *Life* and *Passion*,  
 A *Motist* now is out of fashion ;  
 Or acts but in a low degree,  
 In *Boor-Pieces* or *Drollery*.  
 In *Shadowing* of *Nudities*,  
 (Which often are but *Crudities*)  
 Affects a *Manner* of its own,  
 To *Nature* such as seldom known ;  
 An *Over-ruddy, Black, and Grey*,  
 And this is call'd the *Italian Way* :  
 An ancient Fault, yet we'll not spare you,  
 Tho 'tis *cum Patribus errare*.  
 If that it shuns one evil *Course*,  
 Runs commonly into a worse.  
 If it from *Coldness* does retire,  
 Is apt to *Blaze* with too much *Fire*.  
 When nauseous *Hardness* it declines,  
 With *Faintness* Languishes and Pines.



When it *Correctness* does intend,  
 Of *Emendation* knows no end.  
 Thus over-careful how to please,  
 Does err as did *Protagoras*.  
 'Tween *Comb* and *Glass* much time does waste,  
 And knows not when tis fully drest;  
 Or else regardless is of *Fame*,  
 And maketh *Riches* its chief aim:  
 An *Aquipoize* or golden Mean  
 Is difficult, and rarely seen.

As to its *Dress* and *Garniture*,  
 Who can its *Luxury* endure?  
 Have you not a fair *Lady* seen,  
 Bedeck'd with Pearl, like any *Queen*;  
 Yet utterly devoid of *Grace*,  
 Because the *Gems* out-shin'd her *Face*?  
 So now its *By-works* do excel,  
 And much ecclipse the *Principal*.  
 Besides, 'tis of an *abject Mind*,  
 To mean and narrow thoughts confin'd,  
 That never strives for to advance,  
 And be the foremost of the *Dance*;  
 But lays aside all *Æmulation*,  
 Content with servile *Imitation*;  
 Like little *Child* afraid of falls,  
 Oft Creeps on Ground, or goes by Walls;  
 Treading as tenderly and nice,  
 As if it walk'd upon the Ice.  
 But far more wary 'tis than wise,  
 If falls, it fears 'twill never rise,  
 Without contending there's no Prize.  
 Nay more, some practise but a part,  
 And will not search the whole o'th Art.  
 They do consume their precious hours,  
 In Painting barely *Fruits* or *Flowers*.  
*Sea-Pieces*, *Still-Life*, *Fish*, or *Fowl*;  
 Shall Men of such degen'rate Soul  
 Be *Painters* deem'd, without controul?  
 No; only he who's apt for all,  
 Must have a *Talent general*.

No more then of this groveling *Practice*,  
 But somewhat, which no less defect is;

On Colouring next we'll cast an Eye,  
And many Artless *Teints* descry.  
What are its several kinds of *Pigments*,  
With which it does express its *Figments*?

*The Lilly, Cowslip, Saffron, Violet*

And \* *Rose* (of *Blue* that has an *Eyelet*)

*Ash, Azure, Purple, Columbine,*

*Green, Crimson, Murry, Gridelin,*

*The Strawberry, the Brown, the Bay,*

*Dun, Sorrel, Chesnut, and the Grey;*

*The Kite Colour, and \* Philamot,*

*The Tawny, Minim, and what not.*

*Mixtures of late so ill compounded,*

That they are rather quite confounded.

Yet their *Ingredients* are but few,

*Black, White, Red, Yellow and the Blue:*

Of which, some *burnt* are, some are *raw*,

Some costly, some not worth a *Straw*;

Some *coming forward*, some *retiring*,

Some *heavy*, some *light* and *aspiring*;

Some *Lovers of Society*,

Some will not *Mix* wi' *Company*,

Some *transparent*, some *Opaque*,

With which it does great *pothier* make.

Some of them *bad*, and some are *good*,

And all as thoroughly understood,

As *Transmutation* is of *Naturals*;

Or turning into *Gold*, *Brass Kettles*.

There are but few we can exalt,

Most being *spoild* by *Grease* or *Salt*,

Or by foul *Pencils* gather *Soil*,

Or *Tawny* made with too much *Oyl*.

They very rarely do appear,

*Lively, Bright, Beautiful and Clear,*

Except in *Insects, Gems, Shells, Flowers*;

In *Natures Paintings*, not in *Ours*;

They at the best unequal are,

The following therefore most prefer,

But in the use of them do err.

Some do affect the *Tyrian Dye*,

Which they thro' fondness mis-apply;

Cloathing the *Villain* and the *Varlet*,

With *Royal Purple, Richest Scarlet*.

\* *Damask.*

\* *Col'er mortui  
folij.*

Others are fond of, and go still on,  
 To use in *Faces* much *Vermilion*;  
 Their Works abound with this fierce *Teint*,  
 Which makes them look too much like *PAINT*:  
*Ultramarine* with some prevails,  
 This is true *Blue* which never fails;  
 Yet many are with this too bold,  
 And make their *Flesh-colour* too cold.  
 Taking the *Art* (such is their blindness)  
 Chiefly to lie in *Colour's* fineness:  
 When as in truth it most doth lie,  
 In finest *Skill* and *Manag'ry*.  
 But willing now to make an end,  
 To *Short-hand Painting* we descend.

Its *Mignature* is over-fine,  
 Too *Nice*, *Petite*, and *Feminine*.  
 Is not Discernable at Distance,  
 Without the Eye have some Assistance.  
 The *Women* therefore do engross it,  
 As *Toy* most fit for *Lady's Closet*:  
 For *Men's* use only serves to adorn,  
*Snuff* and *Tobacco-Box* of *Horn*.  
 But t' *Olivar's* or *Cooper's* Hand,  
 We must not give so foul a Brand.  
 Therefore to th' old we'll add not new ills,  
 Owing such *Works*, not *Toyes* but *Jewels*.  
 Like *Jewels* very rich and fair,  
 But yet exceedingly more rare.  
 Many Faults more we could recite,  
 And set it in a clearer *Light*.  
 Could shew how dull and blockish 'tis,  
 Committing gross *Absurdities*;  
 How *Images* impure, or vain,  
 Most Sacred Places oft profane:  
 And turn the *Church* (*Sans Raillerie*)  
 Into a *Picture-Gallerie*.  
 That as incongruous as this,  
 Is *Angelo's* fam'd *Judgment-Piece*,  
 Stain'd with Indecent *Nudities*;  
 With things Unnat'ral and Unjust,  
 Young *Men* and *Women* too *Robust*;  
 And stretch'd beyond their due *Proportions*,  
 With too extravagant *Contortions*.

But



But there is nothing without failing :  
 Good Caution against farther *Railing*.

Now, had this *Rage* unfeigned been, }  
 Th' effect of *Choler* or of *Spleen*, }  
 The *Doggr'el Cant* had prov'd more *keen*; }  
 For *Painting* now we may enroll,  
 In *Pancirollus* List or *Scroll*,  
 Among the lost *Inventions*,  
 Of the *Sagacious Ancients*.  
 'Tis *Vanish'd*,— what is left in *Sight*,  
 Is but the *Shadow* of their *Light*.

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F I N I S.



